The 6 Best Sellers-THEY'RE WOMEN-Who Are They, and What Do They Sell? You'll Find Many Surprise

"A. M." Williamson, Noted Writer, Declares to The Evening World:

66 My Dead Husband, C. N., Lives and Still Helps Write Our Books"

"He Is More Gloriously Alive Than He Ever Was Before," She Says, and Cites Several Strange Experiences.

Marguerite Mooers Marshall styright, 1931, by the From Publishing On, The New York Evening WorkL)

HERE is a woman in New York whose bushand died five months ago, after one of the huppiest of marriages last ng almost twenty years, and yet she believes that he is "more gloriously alive than be ever was before." She believes it so intensely that her books and magasine articles about to be published will be signed with his name as well as her own, after the fashion of their long literary partnership. She believes that every day shit and this dead man talk together, that at least once since his death she has seen him exactly as he was in life, that he has brought her flowers, that he has carensed her in the fash on peculiarly his own that within an hour of his possing he sent. her a sign to show that he was alive and near and longing to help her in

the famous firm of automobile romance weavers, C. N. and A. M. Willtamson, is the woman who told me this story of a love and faith stronger than death-a story which must appeal to every one who has ever loved and lost or even feared to lose; who is a true believer or, on the other hand, sceptical about epiritualism, yet to be convinced as to the survival of the individual.

I found Mes. Williamson at the Hotel Belmont, an appealing figure th her mourning and her courageous Ben Bolt's "Sweet Alice," "whose hair lamson" but will bear the familiar was so brown" and who probably had line, "By C. N. and A. M. Williambig, blue eyes, rostly flushed cheeks son." And this will be done—here is and a child's timid yet impulsive son." And this will be done—here is a smile. She is of American pirth and comes to New York often, although since she sailed away at eighteen her since she sailed away at eighteen her she married the journalist C. N. Williamson, and overseas the two of them made their motor fourneys and wrote "The Lightning Conductor." "The Motor Mais?" and the many office tales of the love god in a matching with a five parts. He was a member of the love god in a matching with a living husband is more gloriously alive than he ever was before. "We were married, you see, almost twenty years. He was a member of the love god in a matching with which their American public is familiar." faith. She looks like one's idea of cles will not be signed "Allee Will-nested. "A human one, or a oulja





is Miss Berths is Saugh of hands and they were sprinkling me New York. She is remained as one with the most beautiful illuminated of the three most brilliant wamen gether."

"Do you use any medium?" I



MRS AND MR C.N. WILLIAMSON

sarriesily. "I went into my own room something told me to go to a drawer I had not opened in months, to look through it till I found a packet, to open the packet. In it was a letter written to me by my husband years before, when I was a little unhappy, urging me to cheer up and telling me how much he cared. I didn't even know I had kept the letter, I had not the slightest idea where to look for it—until he told me.

"When I was nursing him straightening on the same nursing him straightening and the same show much he cared. I didn't even the same show much he cared the same show much he same to the same show the same to the sam

"When I was nursing him and straightening out his bed he had a way of moving his hand down my arm from the ebow to the wrat. arm from the effect to the wrist. The very day after I found the letter I was alone and I felt that little rubbing careas just as plainty as I had ever felt it. Then, when all the flowers were arranged about him, before our friends came, I stood beside him and thought. If you could only see the flowers, dear! If you could know how beautiful they are! And all at once a wreath from a very dear friend of ours—it waved! The house was arrectly still, there was no move of of air, but the wreath plainty moved.

"Once when I was in bed he came MONG the American women who and should beside me oh, perhaps I imagined it, but I never saw him more carn at least \$25,000 annually clearly. Another time I saw just his

"But if a tions ever came to headquarters from women eves he can return to her the King's caretakers.

she conter help. He WILL For the chatcau versure is the calls he will answer closed. The lawns were

I ITTLE AUSTIN WINS-

LOW BATCHELDER, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Roger Batchelder of Larchmont Gardens, who was born last Sunday, has more than his share of relatives. He has four grandparents, three great-grandparents, and one great-great grandmother, to say nothing of great and say nothing of great and great-great aunts and uscles. Mrs. J. W. R. Batchelder, great-grandmother, lives in Worcester, Mass., and Mr. and Mrs. William Parr, great-grandparents, live in Daw-lish, Devonshire, England, Mrs. Amy Farr, of Liverpeol, England, the great-great grandmother, is eighty-six years old and is one of the most expert bridge players in most expert bridge players in

MAXIMS OF A MODERN MAID

MARGUERITE MODERS MARSHALL cht, 1931, by the Press Publishing Co. The New York Evening World.)

LOVERS' quarrel should be like a French duel-to settle a point of honor and serious casualties on either

New York's attitude toward Prohibition seems to be: "What's the Constitutional Amendment petween

A woman can buy her complexon, her hair, her figure, even the lustre of her eyes; she can change in no way the betraying shape of her mouth, yet it's the last feature at which a man looks.

Sometimes a cat says "Miau! Miau!" and sometimes she says she heard all about you when she was in college-"years after you gradu-

It is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye than for a flapper to pass unscathed where two or three are gathered together in the name of Mrs. Grundy.

A man loses half the fun of going to a stag dinner when his wife refuses to make the least fuss about it.

Why men marry: In order to have some one who will remember to put away the key to the hooch closet, to order the coal, to take the theatre tickets-or one who can be blamed when she forgets.

Why women marry: In order to obtain an audience, that cannot escape, for whatever polite comedy, melodrama or monologue they may choose to stage.

Every child is naturally a daughter of the horse leech, and most American parents do nothing to interfore with nature

Alimony may be the fine imposed by the matrimonial tax collector for

~~~~~~~~~ RANDOM FACTS

E quipped with water ventences, a shower bath motor truck has been designed for circuses and other travelling organizations.

The Pollsh Government is planning to erect a radio station at Warsaw that will communicate with the United

Can You Beat It!

By Maurice Ketten













The Motor Minar and the many other theory years. He was a member of the Society for Psychical Research, the working always has been done by Mes. Williamson. For two fonce by Mes. Williamson. For two years and a half it has been done at night, chee in the daything always has been done by Mes. Williamson. For two years and a half it has been done at night, chee in the daything always has been done by Mes. Williamson. For two files control of the Society for Psychical Research, the case of expite poisoning which resulted in his death last natural. She feels that he was truly a war casualty, although his gas and near-sightedness kept him out of the trenches.

I had heard that when "Vision though of the trenches.

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I had heard that when "Vision though of the word you don't just drop into one work the present with the one left behind when you love a person and you have to go on a business trip to the other side of the word you don't just drop into one work that when the first of a rive of articles," Behind when you love a person and you have to go on a business trip to the other side of the word you don't just drop into one work that when you don't just drop into one work that when you don't just drop into one work that when you don't just drop into one work that when you don't just drop into one work that when you don't just drop into one work that when you don't just drop into one work that when you don't just drop into one work that when you don't just drop into one work that when you don't just drop into one work that when you don't just drop into one work that when you don't just

closed. The lawns were trimmed. The there and back in fifteen minutes, a terrific smile to my efforts to Reep "No more stale medicine, if closed. The lawns were trimmed. The corn was hoed, the gravel walks and he's a King all right." roads were freshly scratched. But the windows were boarded up.

afternoon with his eyes as big as village thermoon with his eyes as big as village along the green-bordered from those of a five-year-old youngster white table-amount road, all forget store, who has seen his first circus parade ful of royalty. I was startled by the store would have a would have be suited by the store of the store o No Inspector General could ever stopped, have found fault with Herb's soldier "There he is!" gasped Private Herb manners—but under our uniforms he thimphantly. In the space before the King's villa gate stood a war-

No inspector General could ever have found fault with Herb's soldier. There he ist" gasped Private Herb thumbhantly. In the space before this phantly in the relation of an aggressively loyal kid brother, and we both knew it.

"Does the Capitain know," he said, "that the King's vilia gate stood a war worn Senegalese soldier. He was as many that the King's back? The King of his fare. His ears flapped under young stood a stand away, mous lips outged out in two purplish red rous arross this bottom of his fare. His ears flapped under young down the road near his place. Ran the side car within three feed of him. "His loose blooms and the side car within three feed of him." His loose blooms and the side car within three feed of him. "His loose blooms and the side car within three feed of him." When I tell the world Pvo gen a king," and Private Herb dived for his eight of balant apple. Prizz the stringing to the had a bloom the road near his place. States bobballs.

"Hade't heard of it," I said. "You seen a king," and Private Herb, was a long time before I found the tact to explain things it Private herb is dainy wars. The blook like the Captain's word for it."

The blook was a sight and shiny. His one of on will come age will a said on the Decoration of a Montenegrii. Order of Honothers and wars, words well a carion of eight elected a war, word shing. "It was not succeed the his said shing in selectory of the his matter and the bottom of his fare. His ears flapped under your selection of the said sold in a bag and inhale het extract of balant apple. Prizz the string warsh in the second way. Private Herb, "In the should the contagend to excite the little sympathy. "In the space as with a carion of eight elected of him and the bloom of the him matter and the best as a sight and shiny. His one of one will come and so the Captain and a sold stand away. The will content the sold stand and the part of the sold stand as of the sold stand and sold like that should the little sold like that should the little sold ways. The blo

FIELDER

"I wish I had," I said.

"I haven't put the side car up yet,"

After all, there were some records to be delivered at the Mairie at Private Hero returned from an er around at that hour of the evening and to Bordeaux after supper one We went. As we shorted into the

igarettes Americaises. Je sais immigrants are bringing into this lesse; je suis tres intigue." (I am a country?" Mr. Rangie remarked, ounded soldier; I am all used up).

He opened his blouse and pulled "It's nothing but a cold, and the aside his shirt and showed a horrid scar across his shoulder. He pointed in the direction of a French hospital down the road toward Bordeaux was better," said Mr. Rangie. "Let's where hundreds of black troops were go back to my bouse, I got some under care. "Cigarettes Ameri medicine left that cared me." he King's caretakers.

I haven't put the side car up yet, under care. 'Cigarattes American left that cared me."

For the chaican was officially he said, eagerly. "We can get down caines," he repeated, responding with

Private Herb, "pour moi et mes carnarades pa-bas." (For me and the other fellow, down yonder).

I had noticed in the bottom of the side car a carton of American cigarattes brought back by Private Herb from Bordenux communeary after streets brought back by Private Herb from Bordenux communeary after the same and particles with him forthwith.

At the office no one noticed he caked it and so the course is the same, just put some suitable in your drinking water.

Mr. Jarr give John W. Itangie a scornful glance and parties with him forthwith.

At the office no one noticed he caked it and so the coursest in the distention."

"Private Herb." I said. "the King a little sympathy." I make a little sympathy.

I mediatory Jenkins, the book-

M It Jakit washied weakly down a good hot loddy, made of the gent the stairs, insisting to his pro-"Bure, that's what i need!" said Mr. testing wife that he feit perfectly all right and that his cold was cured. It was not from weakness he wabbled, but from all the medicine he had been compelled to take by his good lady. Much of it had been quinine, and quinine always made

"Bure, that's what I need!" said Mr. Jarr earerly. "Where can I get come of the old stuff."

"Do you think I am a bootlegger?" asked the cashier indignantly. "Can you beat it?" remarked the bookkeeper. "This rum hound is so lost to all shame and decency that he prefends to be sick in order to obtain liquor." Mr. Jarr dinny.

down the street, who remarked that ing by. "Maybe it's this sleeping stekness we hear so much about?" suggested Mr. the reason there has never been any thangle. "It's very dangerous, most sympathy for the Turk is because long people die of it."

"I haven't the sleeping stokness," growted Mr. Jarr. "I hardly slept a wink last thight,"

"Maybe you've got typhus that the cold's better," replied Mr. Jarr.

"You don't look as though your cold "No more stale medicine, if you

Mr. Jarr dizzy.

He met his friend, John W. Rangle. saying it, and the boss was passed.

age his enemies began to call him "The Sick Man of Europe."



WACK and Jill went up the hill

And down without a tumble

For youngsters fed on good Bond Bread Are strong and never stumble."